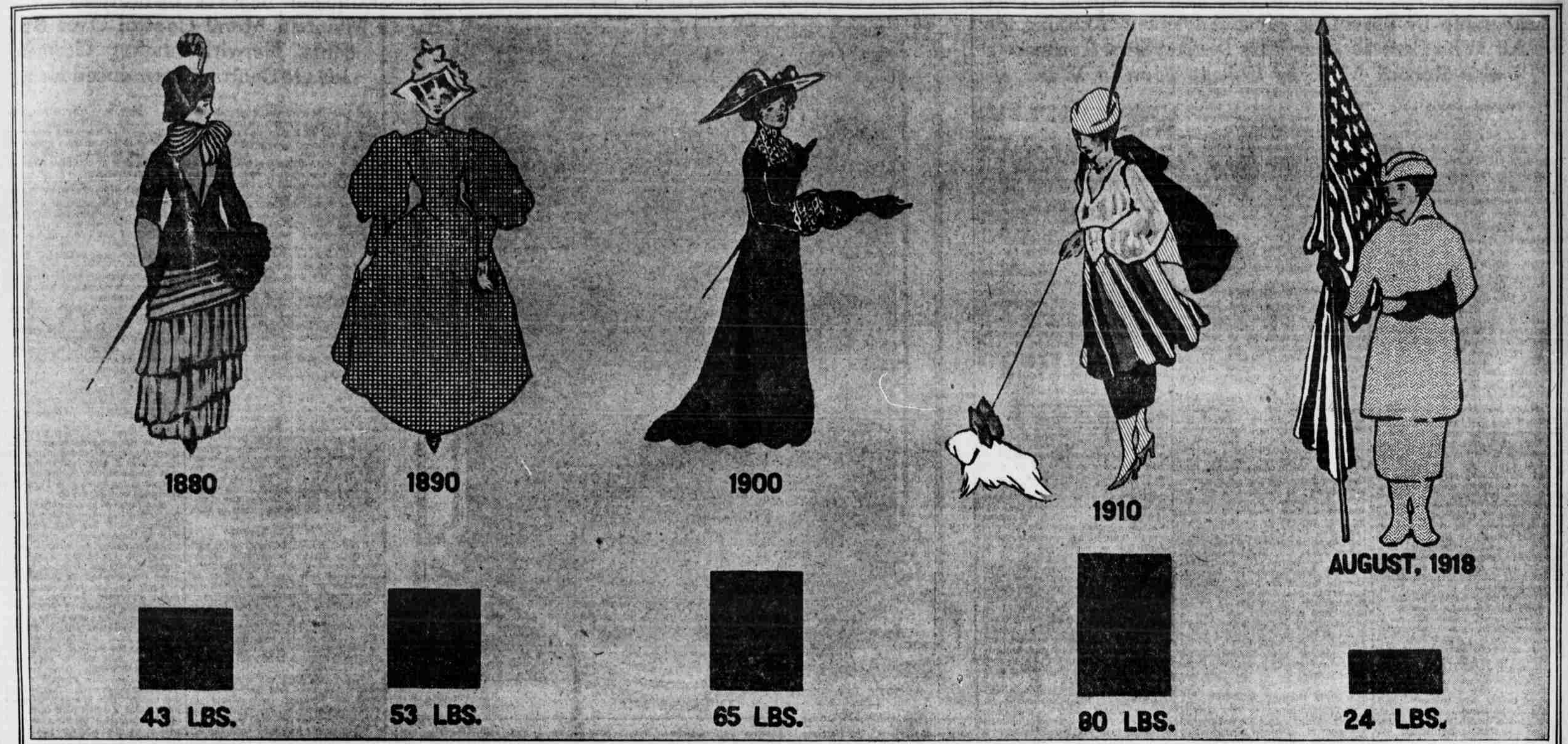


America's Sweet Tooth, Already Large, Promises to Be Gigantic



The figures in the diagrams illustrate costumes of the periods to which the sugar statistics relate and are made in colors in the museum's panel.

(Continued from preceding page.)

chocolate; the tough thowed carmen of Holland are trained on sugar. With the coming of sugar as a substitute stimulant into the dietary scientists are studying its effects on the human system more closely. The investigations of the United States Department of Agriculture in the period just before the prohibition wave struck us showed that in the average American family every member was eating a little less than two pounds a week. This is a very high amount and has been questioned by experts. Undoubtedly the consumption of sugar at the rate of ninety pounds a year by every American was large enough to make the dieticians wonder if the sweet tooth was not supplanting the

wisdom tooth. Now that sugar is likely to be consumed in considerable quantities for the sake of its stimulating effects the warnings are being sounded anew. The abuse of sugar lies in taking it in the so-called free or extracted state. Combined with fruits in their natural state or with sweetened drinks it is not likely to do so much harm even in large quantities as it is in its undiluted state. For that reason the sugar in the soft drinks of commerce, which are increasing in favor and also in price, is a good form in which to assimilate sweets. Sugar as it exists in nature is not highly concentrated and therefore is likely to produce less digestive disturbances than if it is eaten clear. The extracted or artificial sugar is just as

good as the so-called natural variety if it is added to various dishes or consumed in moderate quantities. The indigestion caused by taking sugar in a too concentrated form can readily be avoided. The practice of taking it in lemonade or in soda water or in cups of tea well ballasted with the glistening cubes has its defenders. The able monograph on sugar written by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel represents much investigation as to the effect of sugar upon the human system. It is commonly supposed, for instance, that because sugar ordinarily is taken out of the diet of diabetics the consumption of sugar itself is a cause of that disease. This view, however, does not hold up under investigation. There seems to be no proof, either, for the assertion that sugar produces gout.

There is such a thing as stuffing too much fuel into a furnace, and sugar is an unadulterated fuel. The bad effects which are often ascribed to sugar come from feeding excessive amounts of it. The experiments conducted by various laboratories show that from three to four ounces a day of sugar can be digested by the healthy adult without showing any ill effects. When, therefore, we are reaching a sugar consumption of from 80 to 100 pounds a year for each person we are getting pretty close to the danger mark. The amount of sugar which one may take without ill effects depends largely upon the amount of exercise which he takes. The workers of the sugar plantations in the cane cutting season fairly live off of sugar and molasses and grow fat and vigorous, but they

are keeping down to a normal state by severe manual labor. When a man in an active outdoor life is taking plenty of sugar he need not be worried about himself. The time has not yet come when lollypops will be consumed at the nineteenth hole or chocolate bars after a polo game, but many a hardy athlete has flourished on sweets. The Government is endeavoring to encourage the eating of simple candies made of pure cane sugar, rather than the glucose and starch compounds which, highly colored, get onto the market as cheap candies. The use of sugar in the pastries which are so freely displayed in the shops and restaurants which have been so greatly increased in the last few months is an excellent method of

taking sugar, provided all the other ingredients are pure. The value of sugar as a ration depends upon its judicious use and combination with other foods, and therefore all of us, in consuming sugar, whether as food or as a drink substitute, should bear in mind that it must be well combined, if we would avoid that overfed, overstimulated feeling. We may not come reeling out of candy shops, nor go on buttered scones, and yet we may err in our sugar ration. Investigations recently made at the Minnesota Experiment Station of the United States Department of Agriculture showed that when healthy men got five ounces of sugar a day as a part of a diet, 93.9 per cent. of it was digested. The sugar increased

the available energy of the other food by 25 per cent. and the protein of the ration was more economically used. For those who would take their sugar straight there are no obstacles. The whiskey of yore was said to have been extended with the use of water and prune juice and the like, but in these days, owing to strict regulations and the food laws, sugar is of exceptional purity. The elder who puts sand in the sugar of Saturday nights is a myth. The Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture analyzed 500 samples of sugar bought in the open market not long since and found not a single sample adulterated. The bureau is sponsor for the statement that all sugars, whether costly or cheap, are practically free from adul-

teration. As the test for adulterated sugar can be applied by any one, whether he has a chemical knowledge or not, by merely putting sugar in water and watching for undissolved residues, it is not very likely that there is any considerable quantity of sugar on the market which has even a trace of impurity. So commonly is the juice of the cane used in the making of the sugar of commerce, we are likely to lose sight of the fact that there are excellent beet sugars, and even a good sugar from the homely sorghum, to say nothing of the delicious product of the maple, which is preeminently an American sugar. There is, therefore, a wide variety in the choice of sugars at this present day which are to stand in the dual roles of food and drink.

Kentucky Mountaineer at Age of 131 Sees City Sights for First Time

"UNCLE JOHN" SHELL, aged 131 years, perhaps the oldest living human being in the world, has just completed his first visit to Lexington, Ky., and as he says, his last. He had never before been in a city where buildings are tall, where street cars run, where there are girl shows and moving pictures. The reason he never expects again to leave his mountain home in Leslie county, Ky., is that he does not expect to see his 132d birthday. He said at a luncheon given in his honor in Lexington that his days on earth have been many and very busy, but he realizes that his days are numbered. However, he might have said that forty years ago. Uncle John is a wonderful man. He is about five feet five inches tall, weighs about 150 pounds, is wiry and stands almost upright. He sees perfectly—has eyes that gleam redly and brightly from holes in the face that look like the little silver half-dime. He looks used to see as a child. He has a quick, birdlike snap to his neck, as he looks aside at his callers; his hand clasp is as quick and vigorous as that of a man fifty years old. He walks with apparent ease, and gets around rapidly. He uses a cane, the thought of crutches would probably give the old man hysterics.

No Doubt of His Age. There is no doubt about John Shell's age. He was born Sept. 3, 1788, in that portion of Tennessee (then a Territory) where Knoxville now stands. He celebrated his 131st birthday in Lexington when a reception was given for him, the like of which he never even had read about. He went to the Kentucky mountains as a boy, when the wild Indian, deer, bear, panther and wild turkey roamed at will. He killed specimens of all but the Indian; he says he and the red men were always friendly, and that he had seen hundreds of them while they were on the warpath, but none ever attempted to molest him. Captain J. L. McCoy, a former Deputy revenue collector, editor of the Jackson, Ky., Times, and one of the most reputable men in the State, tells of spending a year with Shell in his mountain home thirty years ago, and declares that Shell then was well over one hundred years old, as stated by Shell himself and the people of his neighborhood. Old men who have known him all their lives say, their grandfathers knew him as a man when their grandfathers were boys. H. C. Chappell, a neighbor of Shell, with hundreds of others, have seen a face

like the new dance, which is so different from the one I knew when I was younger, is caused by the fact that the boys and girls like to hug each other. The old dances I knew didn't have all this stir about them, but we always had a lot of fun." In a magazine of two weeks ago appeared an article concerning a collection of old time Kentucky rifles at Des Moines, Iowa. Among the makers of early in the past century is mentioned John Shell. The correspondent asked him if he was the John Shell referred to, and he said he "reckoned" he was, as he had made rifles over a hundred years ago, and that he himself used a flintlock rifle of his own manufacture up to just before the civil war. Mr. Shell, mentioned in the same article, was a relative. Shell went to Lexington to attend the Blue Grass Fair after the correspondent had discovered him through mountain friends and was the guest of the Fair Association for the entire week. On his birthday he received many presents and scores of visitors, and he thanked all the latter for coming to see him. He likes visitors and he has an especially warm smile for women. The prettier the girls the happier Uncle John was to see them. He was taken to see his first vaudeville and moving picture show and he also had his first automobile ride. He said he liked automobiles, but he was always afraid they would run into each other. "And I've heard they sometimes do," he said. "Uncle John" is full of quaint sayings. One is: "I had a shooting match with rifles against four other fellows in the mountains three or four months ago. I beat them all, and that was all that was shooting against me." **He Never Had a Fuss.** "I've never had a fuss in my life. Not many fellows can say that, even if they haven't lived quite as long as I have. I have never had an enemy." "Don't worry and work hard. That will bring long life and happiness to any man." "Uncle John" likes the new dances. He was taken from his room in a hotel here to "peep in" at a dance where shaking the festive "chimmy" reined supreme. That shocked him, he

Mr. Shell says he did not take much interest in politics in his early life, and the first vote he cast was for James K. Polk. He remembers when Henry Clay was thereabouts, and also remembers when Washington died. He was only eleven years old then but says when the President died the news was brought across the hills into his isolated country, and he remembers the sorrow caused by the intelligence. "Uncle John" told the correspondent that he remembers having seen Daniel Boone, the intrepid pioneer who really opened the fertile fields of Kentucky to hundreds of other brave men who came from other States to help wrest the dark and bloody ground from the Indians. He also remembers Simon Kenton, but is not sure of having seen him. There are so many remarkable things about this really wonderful man that the narrative reads almost like fiction. But the correspondent has taken pains to ask him questions and to verify reports as much as is possible. They all bear out his statements. His pictures show him to look as old as the records show he is. His skin is stretched over his face like parchment, but it is almost as white as the snowy hair which almost sweeps his shoulders. His hands are corded and knotted, the veins standing out like whipcords under the thin skin. He does not attempt to rise when he greets a visitor, but he has so many it would not be possible for him to stand unless supported for hours at a time. He tells of having hunted through the mountains of what are now Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia for weeks at a time, when he slept without a blanket in all kinds of weather. "Many a time the snow has covered me while I slept," he said. He says he does not know how many deer he has killed. "I killed forty-two one winter," he said.

Life Spans the Nation's. And so, here is a man who has lived almost through all the years that the American republic has been in existence. He was born before George Washington took his seat as the first President of the baby republic. He has seen Kentucky when it was a part of Virginia. He is of the same generation that gave to the world Abraham Lincoln, Gladstone, Edgar Allan Poe and scores of other great men. He lived when the war of 1812 was fought; when Napoleon rose and fell, and he saw his old friends, the wilder of Indians, driven from Kentucky by the onrush of civilized people. He remembers when the Mexican war was declared that he volunteered for service and was refused "because he was too old to fight." He remembers hearing, in his far mountain home, of the rush for gold in California in 1849. He remembers Henry Clay's fight to stave off the civil war in the years before his death in 1852. John Shell's father was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and Shell is believed to be the only man living who bears the distinction of being a real son of the Revolution. "Uncle John" says he has made it a practice all his life to arise at 4 o'clock every morning and work all day when he did not go hunting. When a party of friends went to his home to take him to Lexington he was found cutting weeds about the house with a sickle. He is active always, and says he never is sick. There is nothing in which he is not interested. He tried to count the stories in the buildings he visited in Lexington; he has watched the fire wagons run; he saw uniformed policemen for the first time in his life, and saw thousands of people bow before him because of his remarkable age and wonderful vitality. Judging from a purely superficial standpoint, he is good for several more years of life.

His Daughter Aged 97. He and his first wife, Aunt Nancy, reared a large family. Several of the children have died, but some are left, the oldest being a daughter, aged 97, who lives near the old Shell home in Leslie county. The next in age, the youngest, save for the five-year-old, is over 70. Five years ago he married the second time. "Uncle John" says he is sixty-eight years old.

He is strictly against luxury. He says hard times have made him happy, because he had to work, and that kept him out of trouble. He sees danger for the people and the country in too much softness of existence. He has issued a challenge to any rifle marksmen in the country to meet him. "Perforce the meet would have to be held in the mountains, because his friends do not believe 'Uncle John,' as strong as he seemingly is, should take a chance of overtaxing his powers to make another long trip to participate. 'I can beat all of 'em shootin',' said 'Uncle John.' When he started to Lexington Shell rode horseback eighteen miles and he rode another eighteen miles to get home. He was feeling particularly good in France one day during the war, so he stormed the German lines alone and unarmed. He killed twenty-four Germans and put six machine guns out of action the same day. That almost equals the record of Sergeant York of Tennessee. Sandlin wears the Croix de Guerre and the American Congressional Medal, and he brought here the citations given by France and Gen. Pershing. These citations state that on last September 26 Sandlin, while ahead of his men in action, did not hear the signal to fall back. Wherefore when two machine guns began to play he went after them. He threw grenades at the guns, and when he entered the trench after the guns stopped he found five dead Germans and three living Huns. He killed these with his bayonet. Shortly afterward, the same day, he had a similar experience, stepping the machine guns and killing all the crew, totalling for the day twenty-four of the enemy. Sandlin lives on Devil's Jump Branch of Hell-fur-Sartin Creek, Leslie county, the section made famous by John Fox in his novels of mountain life. When he and Shell met here it was like old comrades. Then they posed for a picture—the world's oldest living person and Kentucky's greatest war hero. After that they were almost inseparable. They appeared together at a luncheon where both made speeches, and they talked over mountain matters like two boys. Sandlin is only 88 years old at this

Has Cut His Third Teeth. Shell's eyesight is excellent; he has a few of his third set of teeth left. He cut the third set about twenty years ago. The only defect in his faculties is that of his hearing. He says he was in the prime of life at 75 years and that the best work of his existence was done then. He remembers when his father set up the first mill in the then Tennessee Territory and State of Kentucky and that Indians sometimes traded with them. That may account in some measure for the fact that the Shells and the in-

He is strictly against luxury. He says hard times have made him happy, because he had to work, and that kept him out of trouble. He sees danger for the people and the country in too much softness of existence. He has issued a challenge to any rifle marksmen in the country to meet him. "Perforce the meet would have to be held in the mountains, because his friends do not believe 'Uncle John,' as strong as he seemingly is, should take a chance of overtaxing his powers to make another long trip to participate. 'I can beat all of 'em shootin',' said 'Uncle John.' When he started to Lexington Shell rode horseback eighteen miles and he rode another eighteen miles to get home. He was feeling particularly good in France one day during the war, so he stormed the German lines alone and unarmed. He killed twenty-four Germans and put six machine guns out of action the same day. That almost equals the record of Sergeant York of Tennessee. Sandlin wears the Croix de Guerre and the American Congressional Medal, and he brought here the citations given by France and Gen. Pershing. These citations state that on last September 26 Sandlin, while ahead of his men in action, did not hear the signal to fall back. Wherefore when two machine guns began to play he went after them. He threw grenades at the guns, and when he entered the trench after the guns stopped he found five dead Germans and three living Huns. He killed these with his bayonet. Shortly afterward, the same day, he had a similar experience, stepping the machine guns and killing all the crew, totalling for the day twenty-four of the enemy. Sandlin lives on Devil's Jump Branch of Hell-fur-Sartin Creek, Leslie county, the section made famous by John Fox in his novels of mountain life. When he and Shell met here it was like old comrades. Then they posed for a picture—the world's oldest living person and Kentucky's greatest war hero. After that they were almost inseparable. They appeared together at a luncheon where both made speeches, and they talked over mountain matters like two boys. Sandlin is only 88 years old at this



JOHN SHELL.